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The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern featuring large, irregular, light-colored circular spots (possibly paper or vellum) set against a background of swirling dark red, brown, and black lines. The spine of the book is bound in dark brown leather. A small, rectangular label is affixed to the spine, containing the text '280.r.' and '95.' in gold lettering.

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LEISURE THOUGHTS.

BY

J. BURBIDGE.

"Let me in those shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose."—*Swift*.

LONDON :

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PREFACE.

Many of the following pieces have already appeared in various periodicals, and are now republished in obedience to those whom the author was willing to consider impartial judges. He doubts not his little book has many faults in it, but he trusts there may be some passages worthy of commendation, and with the hope that for the sake of the latter the former will be forgotten, he leaves it in the hands of his readers.



TO
CHARLES MACKAY,

Whose poetry has so much contributed to the elevation
of the people and the advancement of human happiness,

this little book is inscribed,
as a slight token of esteem,

by

his sincere friend,

THE AUTHOR.



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THE DREAM.

"Then what is Life? I cried.—*Shelley.*"

Methought I mounted up on wings
Far above this earth of ours,
And sipped the breath of purer things
Than even that which morning flings
Around a group of summer flow'rs.
Ascending high through ether space,
I touched where only fancy roves;
But turned to gaze upon the face
Of earth with all its sylvan groves.
O'er which the spirit had unfurl'd
That regal robe of varied tints
Which nature in her bounty prints
Upon the garden of the world.
I looked upon the valleys deep,
The velvet sward—the mountain steep,
And heard the woodland strain;
Till with the sight my heart begun
To sigh, and beauty almost won
Me back to earth again.
But here a voice my silence broke,
Light as the zephyr, soft and clear,
Like music falling on the ear—
It seemed as though an angel spoke—
"Is that a sigh which now recalls
The feeble joys that earth has given?"

See how Aurora's purple falls
 Upon the eastern arc of heaven !
 Mantling the sky with herald tints,
 Before the golden orb of light
 His footsteps on the horizon prints—
 Then, happy mortal, wing thy flight
 Where the spirit never dull
 Sips the bright and beautiful,
 And the music of the spheres,
 (Falling on our raptured ears)
 Kindles thoughts of richer glow
 Than were ever felt below !
 Dost thou linger ? Wilt thou sigh
 For pleasures that were born to die ?
 And grasp a little earthly bliss
 For such entrancing joy as *this* ?
 Come with me then, stay awhile
 In the light of beauty's smile ;
 Tread again the magic cell,
 Where thy spirit loves to dwell.
 Come ! and let us haste away,
 Favoured by the lamp of day,
 Light at once on yonder sphere,
 Where so many charms appear.
 Whither shall our footsteps bend,
 That our gleaming eyes may see
 Joys which can so far transcend
 The raptures of eternity ?"

The voice had ceased—with fluttering wings
 We lightly beat the lambent air,
 Borne on the breeze when nature brings
 The incense of her altars there.
 Away we flew with growing speed,
 And *paused not* in our downward flight ;

Methought I saw heaven's vault recede,
 And vanish from my dazzled sight.
 Speechless we still pursued our course
 Through boundless fields of ether space,
 As if impelled by secret force,

And yet we found no resting place.
 Onward we went—the light of day
 Was blazing on our trackless way,
 And lustrous worlds we lately hailed
 Were all in mighty distance veiled.

But suddenly my wings began
 To slacken pace and feeble grow,
 And I beheld the abode of man—
 Once more the teeming world below !

To *me* it seemed as fair as when
 I skipped in youth's ecstatic bliss ;
 And oh ! I longed to meet with men
 And prove no other joy like *this*.

"And now," resumed the voice, "we go
 To gaze on all thy ~~heart~~ would love ;
 To mingle with the scenes below,
 For which we left the realms above.

Seeing, but yet unseen, we'll learn
 If rightly thou may'st coldly spurn
 The proffered bliss—and thus return."
 Scarce had the accents ceased to dwell

In echoes on the air,
 Than o'er my sight such visions fell,
 That human lips would fail to tell
 What met my wonder there.

I saw a precipice—so deep,
 Unfathomable—black,
 A path led to the dreadful steep,
 And seemed the common track.

For myriads tottered to the edge
 Impelled by demon pow'r ;
Some driven by the long-made pledge,
 And *some* the evil hour.
There was the gambler, mad to think,
 Fresh from the cursèd room ;
 Frantic he stood upon the brink—
 And plunged into the gloom!
There the assassin, with his deed
 As haunting spectres sent ;
 Once more he saw his victim bleed—
 And headlong down he went !
 The spendthrift ruined and undone,
 Borne on the foaming tide,
 His reckless course of guilt had run,
 And staggered to the side.
 The drunkard reeled, and over rolled,
 With wine and laughter flushed ;
 Men, women, children, young and old,
 On—on they madly rushed !

I saw an idol mounted high
 With multitudes around ;
 Thousands implored with lifted eye,
 And thousands licked the ground.
 He had a smile upon his face
 That captured young and old,
 And on his broad and shining base
 His name was written—*Gold* !
 The shrine o'er which the monster bent
 Demanded costly price,
 And hearts, and love, and virtue, went
 To form the sacrifice !
Health, peace, and pleasure, all were given
 By mortal men in shoals—

And incense mounted up to heaven
 Of precious human souls !
 I turned—and lo a grave was nigh,
 Wide open at my feet,
 And Death was there, with sparkling eye,
 The teeming crowds to meet,
 He grinned to see the giddy throng
 To worthless idols fall—
 “ Laugh loud ! ” cried he, “ ’twill not be long
 Before I have you all !
 I breathe upon the lips so red,
 And turn them ghastly pale ;
 And when I stand beside the bed
 The stoutest heart will fail.
 I creep within the palace wall,
 And strike the monarch down,
 And he will none the lighter fall
 Because he wears a crown.
 Yon girl may haunts of pleasure seek,
 But gray hairs shall not see ;
 Beauty has touched her damask cheek,
 But what is *that* to me ?
 I take the miser from the gold,
 (Have done for ages past)
 The young, the careless, and the old,
 Must come to me at last.
 And yet will men their bumpers quaff
 As though I was not near—
 Fools they must be—but let them laugh,
 They’ll very soon be here.”

I watched them dropping one by one,
 That gay and thoughtless crowd,
 Unwarned—unpitied—and undone—
 A coffin and a shroud.

The noblest heart obeyed his will,
 He blanched the fairest skin,
 The yawning grave grew wider still,
 And *all* were hurried in.
 I gazed upon the busy world,
 Where passion reigned supreme,
 I saw the thousands that were hurl'd
 Like madmen to the stream.
 I heard the throb of broken hearts,
 Unheeded, and alone—
 I caught the burning tear that starts
 When every hope hath flown.
 I marked the poor sunk deep in crime,
 And rich ones make them worse;
 Beheld the daughter in her prime
 Just bartered for a purse.
 The secret canker worm I saw
 Within the heart of pride;
 I lingered near the bed of straw
 Where palsied merit died.
 The good man wronged—the weak oppress'd—
 Men crushing one another—
 The sordid mind—the selfish breast—
 And brother hating brother.
 I touched the rust of discontent
 Upon the robe of state,
 And found, no matter where I went,
 Pale sorrow at the gate!
 “Is *this* the world,” I wildly cried,
 “That furnished joys for me?”
 The shrine at which I could have died?
 Oh! no—it shall not be!
 Let beauty weave her garlands gay,
 And every altar rear,
 To *claim* them all I would not stay
 One moment longer here!”

Eager for flight, I stretched my wings,
 When lo!—the pinion broke—
 And mid the whirl of earthly things,
 Struggling to rise—I woke.

'Twas morning and Aurora threw
 Fresh flowers from her lap around;
 The birds had sipped the early dew,
 Singing as though they never knew
 Her step so lightly o'er the ground.
 I rose, and Flora's bower sought,
 And gazed upon the verdant meads;
 Until a mighty truth I caught—
The world was not with evil fraught,
 But *man* who marred it with his deeds.

Then I saw the strength of nations
 Through no work of bloodshed ran;
 Not in warlike preparations,
 Or in party agitations,
 But in love to God and man.
 Let me go and labour gaily,
 And for good example's sake,
 Spread the board of virtue daily,
 That the poor may freely take.
 Humbly do I ask for power
 To employ my tongue and pen;
 Be a watchman on the tower,
 And throughout the passing hour
 Try to make them better men.

SPRING.

"We love thee, we love thee, thou beautiful Spring,"
 For *this* is the song that the choristers sing.
 We watch thee fair spirit in ecstasy go
 To wreath with enchantment the valleys below.

The mountains have thrown off their mantles of mist,
 And fairy-like zephyrs their summits have kiss'd ;
 The streamlet in silence flows smiling along,
 And woodlands rejoice in the nightingale's song.

The boughs with rich blossoms are decking the trees,
 And wave in the perfume that comes in the breeze ;
 The sweet-scented violet springs from its bed ;
 The hyacinth raises its beautiful head.
 The swallow exulting returns to her nest,
 And dips in the ocean her delicate breast ;
 The lambs in high frolic bound over the plain,
 And meadows are covered with verdure again.

With garlands of beauty in rapture she roves
 Through evergreen bowers and jessamine groves ;
 The buttercups point out her steps in the grass,
 And crimson-tipp'd daisies start up as they pass.
 The young corn is bending beneath the blue sky ;
 The lark is now chanting his carol on high ;
 The leaflets are bathed with the freshest of showers,
 And dew-drops are sleeping on couches of flow'rs.

Thy march from the east in the morn we behold,
 Enrobed with a mantle of purple and gold ;
 The hawthorn is decked in its vesture of white,
 And garnished with pearls from the pinions of night.
 We see thee come dancing across the gay mead !
 Woods, meadows, and rivers, are happy indeed !
 All join in the song that the choristers sing,
 " We love thee, we love thee, thou beautiful Spring !"

GOLD.

We know that Old Time by a wave of his hand
 Can crumble the mightiest pile in the land,
 And Death to a level can all of us bring,
 E'en take off the crown from the head of a king.
 But oh! there's a monarch as potent as these,
 Who drags a vast multitude down on their knees,
 The rich, and the noble, the young, and the old,
 Are treading the courts of the temple of Gold.

Rank, Fashion, and Pleasure are great in their day,
 And carry the weak pates of folly away,
 Before them may thousands of worshippers fall,
 But *gold* is the shrine that outnumbers them all.
 Rich-robed on his throne the proud god will be heard,
 Truth! Honesty! Virtue! start back at his word!
 How many has Satan with rapture enroll'd,
 As slaves to the iron-wrought sceptre of Gold

Great Moloch of England! what king in his pride
 Can summon so many staunch friends to his side?
 What temple can show such a crowd at its shrine?
 What altar can boast of such victims as thine?
 The tyrant they worship—the idol they clasp—
 And, hug it they will, though they die with the grasp.
 A name may be tarnished—a character sold—
 If all they could touch might be turned into Gold.

Proud England! beware, lest thy time-honoured name
 Should drop from its glory all covered with shame.
 The garden of industry nourishes weeds;
 Men rest upon hopes that are nothing but reeds;
 We scorn the safe path which our forefathers trod,
 And rush to the temple to worship the god:
 True love can but rarely be felt as of old,
 And children are laid on the altar of Gold.

Our nobles want all that a sceptre affords;
 Our high city merchants aspire to be lords;
 A tradesman's fine lady must dwell out of town,
 And have "a neat brougham" to ride up and down,
 Each paltry shop-keeper must "live in good style,"
 And others but follow example the while.
 Let *all* be content with the station they hold,
 Or England will totter in spite of her Gold.

RELIGION.

"And place our trophies where men kneel
 To Heaven! but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
 The cause of truth and human weal!

O God above!

Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To peace and love."—CAMPBELL.

What is religion? ask the breeze,
 Ye who are down on bended knees,
 Sermons are preached by stones and trees
 Then stand erect!

No canting this—no bigots these
 To priest or sect.

No inch of earth that foot hath trod
 More than the rest is precious sod,
 Or hallowed by the breath of God,
 Wherever found;

*Each narrow spot, and every clod
 Is sacred ground.*

The flowers that bud—the leaves that fall,
 Obey no superstitious call!
 The seasons come and go for all,
 And few ask why;
 And so the meanest things that crawl •
 Beneath the sky.

Love blossoms on the trees of spring.
 Love is the fruit that summers bring,
 Love is the song that warblers sing,
 In perfumed air;
 And love the theme of every thing
 That worships there.

And yet the noblest work that stands,
 The lord of reason, wealth, and lands,
 In angry strife for ever brands
 His erring brother;
 When *Nature* bids them join their hands
 And love each other.

Religion beats not in the breast
 That clings to party interest,
 And breathes condemning all the rest
 Of human kind—
 In bigotry the world is dress'd,
 So weak and blind.

Why will they not as one unite
 And face the wrong for what is right?
 Because they ever madly fight
 For sect or creed,
 Instead of shedding broader light
 For those who need.

See priests with wealth, and pomp, and pride,
 Ordained a scanty few to guide,
 Condemning all on earth beside
 Who dare to think,
 And more than half the world confide
 To ruin's brink !

What chains hath Superstition wrought !
 What battles Bigotry hath fought !
 Well may *Religion* pass for nought ;
 In sceptic eyes ;
 They ask not what the Saviour taught,
 But *all* despise.

Religion never was confined
 To walls with marble tablets lined,
 Or rival sects that seek to bind
 The conscience down !
 It dwells not in the sage's mind,
 Or priestly gown.

A principle that throbs within,
 To snatch a brother from his sin,
 Not turned aside by creed or skin,
 In worldly blindness ;
 And yearns each living soul to win
 By deeds of kindness.

This is religion !—and I ween
 A happier day than yet has been
 Will be when all the earth has seen
 Its flag unfurl'd ;
 For *then* 'twill sit enthroned as Queen
 And change the world !

ELLEN.

Founded on fact.

Oh, God! and have I come to this,
 Down trodden and despised?
 The victim of a wanton kiss
 Which falsehood had disguised?
 And shall I never, never, know
 The peace I once could feel,
 But bear about a piercing woe
 Which time can never heal?

Ah lady! see this furrowed face,
 This deepened blush of shame,
 And would thy pity could efface
 Poor Ellen's blighted name.
 Her lips could once gay accents speak,
 And joy light up her brow;
 And colour once was on her cheek,
 So pale and haggard now.

Last year I was a happy thing,
 The gayest of the gay,
 Till falsehood brought the promised ring,
 And carried me away.
 I listened to the poisoned tongue
 And was of all bereft,
 And coldly off the villain flung
 The victim he has left.

Oh! yes, my foolish heart was won,
 And from him quickly hurl'd;
 He threw me ruined and undone,
 An outcast on the world!
 The wretch! my trembling hand he'd clasp,
 Caress me like a lamb—
 And then he flung me from his grasp,
 To leave me what I am.

My child thy father's hateful name,
 Shall ne'er be breathed by me,
 Although thy mother's burning shame
 Shall soon be felt by thee.
 Come nearer, sweet one, to my breast,
 My beautiful, my own.
 Unseen, unpitied, and unblest'd,
 We'll tread the world alone.

THE NEW ARISTOCRACY.

"I do see, and I say it advisedly, a new and noble aristocracy appearing in shops and warehouses, at the desk and behind the counter—the aristocracy of mind, and ready to take shine' out of the great aristocracy that has preceded them
Rev. Dr. Cumming, before the Young Men's Christian Association, Feb. 8th, 1848.

A title once could only show
 The signs of noble birth,
 And men of rank were, years ago,
 The great ones of the earth.
 They deemed it just the crowd should shrink
 Before a cap and gown;
 They thought it wrong the poor should tread
 And right to keep them down.

These were the days when books were thine
 "The People" could not touch;
 Made for the use of lords and kings,
 And only meant for such.
 To work the loom to till the soil,
 To cut the costly gem—
 To tread the round of daily toil
 Was quite enough for them.

Time was when just to read and write
 Were thought a wondrous deal
 For those who wake with morning light
 To earn their daily meal.
 The man a more submissive slave
 The less his head-piece knew ;
 And so *the mass* from habit gave
 Their birthright to *the few*.

Now look abroad, the light of Truth
 Is spreading far and wide,
 And that which fills our English youth,
 Must shame our ancient pride.
 'Tis mind alone can wield the sword,
 In spite of wealth and rank ;
 The artisan may face a lord
 With thousands in the bank.

We scorn not those of high degree,
 For so 'twere wrong to do,
 But poorer men as rich can be,
 And quite as noble too.
 The prince may act a gayer part,
 But he who works for bread
 May have, perchance, a warmer heart,
 And 'praps a clearer head.

Then grieve not for " the good old times,"
 Behold a brighter day !
 The causes of our Fathers' crimes
 Are wearing fast away.
 Before the Pen, the Press, and Rail
 Must old opinions fall ;
 The mighty project cannot fail—
 Then aid it one and all !

ART THOU HAPPY?

And art thou happy?—can it be
 When distance rolls its waves between,
 And all that kindles joy for me
 Is felt like that which once hath been?

The voice, the face, the beaming eye,
 About my path would linger yet;
 And who will dare to mock the sigh,
 Or bid me once thy form forget?

But oh! while others gaily tread,
 And join the laugh that raptures thee,
 Am I forgotten like the dead,
 Or dost thou still remember me?

Away the thought!—though distance part,
 I will not for a breath repine;
 I know the joys that fill thy heart
 Are linked with all that gladden mine.

REFLECTIVE STANZAS.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!—*Byron*

Methinks there's something in the ocean roar
 Sweeter than earthly music to the soul,
 As wave on wave rolls proudly to the shore,
 Spurning the puny touch of man's control,
 Feelings of joy, unfelt, unknown before,
Throb in my pulse, and vibrate in the air.
Dash on thou foaming wave! I love thee more
Than man's philosophy—for thou can'st bear
My earth-bound mind to Heav'n, and God is there

Unfathom'd Ocean ! mighty as thou art,
 Rich in the gems of an exhaustless mine,—
 Who rules thy waves ? and who first bade them start ?
 'Twas He who bids yon golden orb to shine
 Bright on thy bosom, for a wondrous sign .
 Of His Eternal Presence ! men despise ;
 But those who think aright, from beauties thine,
 Gather the flow'rs of new-born hope, and rise,
 Borne on the wings of thought beyond the skies.

Once on the trackless waters of the deep
 The mild Redeemer, rob'd in mercy, trod ; .
 Calm'd at a word the wildest wave to sleep,
 And yet will men forget Him, at whose nod
 Monarchs would crumble to the worthless sod
 From which they sprang—their glitt'ring sceptres fall,
 Scatter'd in atoms by th' avenging rod—
 Or slumb'ring ages to the trumpet call
 Start from the dust, and own Him " Lord of all ! "

Thou, at whose word this world of beauty rose
 Pure as Thyself, and perfect as the day
 That wreathes Thy throne, confront thy sceptic foes,
 And drive the doubts of falt'ring faith away.
 Oh ! eloquent in silence, yonder ray
 To *me* can speak—then, Lord, in mercy pour
 Down on my heart Thy grace, that soon I may
 With boundless joy attain that happier shore,
 Where Peace can dwell, and Sorrow wound no more.

Brighton, May 5, 1848.

NEVER FEAR.

Never fear, never fear,
See the light is yonder gleaming ;
Time for action now is here,
Men have long enough been dreaming.
Break the bigot's staff, and say
"Join the stream ! bring on the day !"
Every doubt shall pass away :
Never fear !

Never fear, never fear,
Light and darkness struggle ever ;
Long the battle may appear,
But shall darkness gain it ?—never !
Face to face the foes have met,
And the clouds are o'er us yet,
But the day will brighter get—
Never fear !

Never fear, never fear ;
See the march of education ;
Not alone to wealthy peer,
But to men of humble station.
All shall burst the darkened cell,
Learn to read, and write, and spell,
And a little more as well—
Never fear !

Never fear, never fear,
Popes and Cardinals have flourished,
Tyranny must disappear,
By the soil no longer nourished.

Men a little wiser grow,
 All things change, and onward flow ;
 Popes have come, and Popes will go—
Never fear !

Never fear, never fear,
 Hope shall whisper words of kindness ;
 Prejudice shall disappear,
 Stripped of all its wretched blindness ;
 Scales from bigot eyes shall fall,
 And mankind both great and small,
 Find the world was made for all—
Never fear !

HOME.

What streams of light through after sorrows break
 When faded scenes and buried thoughts awake ;
 The haunts of childhood, where the feet have strayed,
 The rugged hill-top, and the greenwood glade ;
 The spot where heedless fancy roused the boy,
 And tears were wasted on a broken toy ;
 But more than all, no matter where we roam,
 What griefs invade the sanctity of home !
Here, though the dark'ning clouds above us meet,
We find a shelter in its calm retreat,
And fondly hope, amidst the throbs of pain,
That what has been, will yet be once again.

When from the crowded mart and busy throng,
 Where Passion drives its willing slaves along,
 We gain the hearth and home where Hymen throws
 Unceasing pleasure over sweet repose—
 We learn that earth is not all bare and bleak,
 And print the kiss on childhood's dimpled cheek,—
 A pulse of rapture thrills the soul within,
 A taste of Heaven in a world of sin.
 Mine be the joy that wreathes those stainless bowers,
 Where Love enthroned amid a world of flowers,
 Pours light and life in every heart around,
 And Peace embalms the consecrated ground.

Is there an impious hand that dare invade
 The peaceful home that plighted love hath made?
 Pierce the fond bosom with a sharper steel
 Than murd'ers draw, and dying heroes feel?
 The cannon's hushed, the trumpet's ceased to sound,
 And wail'ring thousands gasp upon the ground;
 But who can number all the tears that flow?
 Or count the throbbings of the hearts of woe?
 Myriads of guiltless ones to ruin hurl'd,
 Fond wives and children flung upon the world,
 Homes dashed to pieces with a ruthless hand,
 And hundreds left to perish in the land.

Oh! leave the scene of death and turn the eyes
 Where daily industry each want supplies.
*The humble dwelling owned with honest pride
 Is dearer far than all the world beside;
 Contentment spreads it like the noonday sun,
 And common sympathies bind all in one.*

But whence this charm? this magic charm of Home?
 Not in the marble hall or gilded dome;
 How bright the social hearth! how calm the air!
 When pure religion lights her altar there;
 Transforms with mystic touch the sacred ground,
 And breathes an inspiration all around!

Enchanting word! thine import who can tell,
 Where hallowed thoughts, and kindred spirits dwell;
 Far from a world of anarchy and strife,
 Wrapped in the stainless purities of life;
 More charms are gathered from thy simple things
 Than ever glittered round the thrones of kings.
 Give me the quiet nook where friendships meet,
 The old arm chair, an aged mother's seat,
 Before the pride of Greece—the pomp of Rome—
 The heart, and not the house, must make the home.

Then envy not the lords of wealth and soil,
 Ye honest, upright, hard-worked sons of toil.
 Yours is the life to recompense and please,
 Ask not their laps of luxury and ease.
 See to your hearths and homes—enough for you;
 Give to the rich their right, the great their due.
 Your daily joys from fields of virtue glean,
 And let Religion light the social scene;
 That death may wing you to that happier shore,
 Where griefs and sorrows taint the home no more.

THE NIGHT COMETH, WHEN NO MAN CAN WORK

JOHN ix. 4.

*Work while yonder sun is bright,
 Waste not precious beams of light,
 Day is up—'twill soon be night,
 And man can work no more.*

Think not when the shadows fall,
Vanished moments to recall,
Time will then have taken all,
And nothing can restore.

Have you station ? throw aside
Musty coats of feudal pride,
Such has long since lived and died,
And out of folly springs.
Judge not hard the poorer man,
Let him see the wiser plan,
Strive, and do the best you can,
To teach him *better* things.

Have you talent ? use it well,
In philanthropy excel,
Future times will proudly tell
The good that you have done.
Take with earnest hope the pen,
Write to aid your fellow men,
Try to make them happier—*then*—
They'll bless you, every one.

Have you wealth ? then freely use
That which God might well refuse
Thankless men, who but abuse
The bounties of his hand.
Never scorn a noble deed,
Have a heart for those who need,
Spread abroad the Bible creed—
The bulwark of our land !

Rich and noble, grave and gay,
 Labour while 'tis called to-day,
 Time will soon chase all away,
 And what will *then* remain?
 Pleasure's lamp will grow quite pale,
 Reeds on which we leant will fail,
 Only dying thoughts prevail
 Of happiness or pain.

Up at once! and sleep no more,
 Though ye never worked before,
 Thousands in the land implore
 Your help for fellow men.
 Leave the bed of sloth—awake!
 God a strict account will take,
 If the cord of life should break—
 Oh! where would *you* be *then*?

SONNET TO THE INFIDEL.

Suggested by a contemplation of the Heavens.

Majestic work of God! the mortal eye
 Grows weak and dim before thine azure vault;
Here might thou, sceptic, in pale wonder halt,
 Fixed by yon cloud that gathers in the sky,
 Soon shall we see the wakeful watch suspend
 Her countless lamps upon the arch of Night,
 And fling around the streaks of silver light,
 Which, for one grand effect of lustre, blend,
 Worlds in impenetrable distance hung,
 Have since the birth of Time unceasing roll'd
 And weaved a theme for every human tongue
 That with the works of God would converse hold.
 Then who art *thou* to dare with feeble sense
 Pervert the language of Omnipotence?

LIFE.

We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams.—*Lamb.*

'Tis but a flash that spans the sky,
A few short hours of joy to wreathe;
Reader! this moment you and I
Might cease to breathe!

Cast but a friendly eye around,
And stand upon the mould with me,
How many sleep beneath the ground?
And may not *we*?

What of the blushing rose of health?
Disease could blight it in a day;
And what of power, rank, or wealth?
They'll pass away.

All find their level in the grave;
And station cannot blunt the sting;
Death never steps aside to save,
Peasant or King.

The wearer of a crown must drop
With him who treads the busy mart;
Whate'er they be—a touch can stop
The proudest heart.

Must life then hold our highest hope,
And bind our soaring spirits fast?
Whence shall we gather strength to cope
With death at last?

Will pleasures that we once enjoyed
 Stand at our beds as weeping friends ?
 Or "talents" that we long employed
 For sordid ends ?

No !—every throb will *then* recall
 The pictures of life's faded scene,
 And only prove how foolish all
 Our hopes have been.

Above us hang misfortune's clouds,
 With only here and there a beam ;
 And dark foreboding ever shrouds
 Our gayest dream.

To broken reeds we madly rush,
 And grasp at nothing but a shade ;
 Wild torrents all our projects crush
 As soon as made.

Pleased with the rattle of a toy
 We tread upon the shifting sand,
 And every day the rose of joy
 Dies in our hand.

All but a phantom and a dream
 A cup of mingled hopes and fears,
 A drop of rain that joins the stream,
 And disappears.

Then live more worthy of a soul
 Implanted by a hand divine !
 Press onward to a richer goal !
 A nobler shrine !

Let virtue garnish every deed,
And truth upon thy lip be found ;
The lustre of an honest creed
Reflect around.

Go ! lend a hand—with joy unite,
And think no sunken brother lost :
Be ever on the side of right,
Whate'er the cost.

If thou art rich, thy money bring
To haunts where want and misery crawl ;
If thou art poor, contrive to sing
In spite of all.

Thus act and though the great and proud
To thee may little honour give,
When *they* are lost amidst the crowd
Thy name shall live.

And when the golden sun shall set,
No staff will fail on which you leant,
Or weeping friendship once forget
A life well spent.

He who can so secure his fame,
Has nobly filled his narrow span,
And future times shall write his name
An honest man.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

How is it that most people deal in advice ?
 Let it go with such wonderful bounty ?
 And give to a friend at such very low price,
 Quite enough for a borough or county ?
 The trade must be easy, so many we find
 Who can keep open shop ; but the fact is,
 A little truth says, as it peeps from behind,
 " There's a difference 'tween Precept and Practice."

Some ladies there are (sort of oracles) who
 Deal in Etiquette, Fashion and Manners ;
 And when you're in doubt, you have nothing to do
 But to go to these modern Dianas.
 These fountains of wisdom, infallible schools,
 Will inform you how this or that act is ;
 But never expect them *to keep* to the rules,
 " There's a difference 'tween Precept and Practice."

" Do right" is the language that volumes can speak,
 And the same from our pulpits is taught too ;
 Some parsons work hard for *one* day in the week,
 Just to tell men to live as they ought to.
 They talk of the soul and eternity's bliss,
 Or how touching a sermon or tract is,
 But all that we have for the *six* days is *this*,
 " There's a difference 'tween Precept and Practice."

The rich one with pleasure and luxury fed,
 To advise is both willing and able ;
He tells men 'tis pleasant to work for one's bread,
But they get not a crumb from *his* table.

He bids them be honest, contented and true,
 But the whole of his lesson exact is—
Just do as I say, and don't do as I do,
 "There's a diff'rence 'tween Precept and Practice."

The Poor have their wrongs, and a scrap from the board
 Of the noble and wealthy might heal them ;
 Though virtues can beat in the breast of a lord,
 A mean beggar in rags may conceal them.
 Then brand him not "worthless," and call him not "low,
 But remember the thing to attract is,
 Not titles ; not gold ; but the man that can show
 " Little diff'rence 'tween Precept and Practice."

Then learn, if ye can, all ye great and high born,
 That rank, talent, and wealth are small matters,
 Or "sons of the soil" will but laugh ye to scorn,
 And then sneer at ye, even in tatters.
 Through life, oh may all of us, "bear and forbear,"
 For both rough and perplexing the tract is ;
 And *not* only give what we know *we can spare*,
 " But support all our Precepts by Practice."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Angry looks can do no good,
 And blows are dealt in blindness,
 Words are better understood,
 If spoken but in kindness.
 Simple love far more hath wrought,
 Although by childhood muttered,
 Than all the battles ever fought,
 Or oaths that men have uttered.

Friendship oft would longer last,
 And quarrels be prevented,
 If little words were let go past,
 Forgiven—not resented.
 Foolish things are frowns and sneers,
 For angry thoughts reveal them ;
 Rather drown them all in tears,
 Than let *another* feel them.

NEVER DESPAIR.

Cheer up among troubles—no mortal can know
 That a blessing won't come to attend them ;
 The weight may have brought you most terribly low,
 But look on for the moment to end them.
 The clouds of to-day
 Will soon pass away,
 Then “ never despair !”

Oh ! why should the present so darken your brow ?
 “ It's a long lane that has'nt a turning !”
 You'll find that the joys which are leaving you now,
 Though embers will never cease burning :
 For this life, it is plain,
 Is but sunshine and rain,
 Then “ never despair !”

'Tis sad to see rich ones vain, haughty, and proud,
 From the depth of my soul I deplore them ;
 'Tis hard that true worth should be lost in the crowd,
 And great titles drive virtue before them ;
 But Old Time going fast,
 Settles all things at last.
 Then “ never despair !”

I own things were diff'rent to what they are now,
 And that much in the world might be better ;
 Old England is not without faults, I allow,
 Or so perfect as 'praps we might get her ;
 But " Rome," people say,
 " Was'nt built in a day,"
 Then " never despair !"

We grieve when the clamour of discord is high,
 And a man is at war with a brother,
 We wonder awhile, and then ask with a sigh,
 Why they are not at peace with each other :
 But oh ! do not forget,
 You may see them so yet,
 Then " never despair !"

We know we must taste both the bitter and sweet,
 Though our burden be none of the lightest,
 But, if there's two sides of the picture to meet,
 Let's endeavour to look on the brightest.
 So hope for the best,
 To God leave the rest,
 And " never depair !"

" PUSH ALONG, KEEP MOVING."

Rouse ye giant men of thought !
 Awaken from your slumber !
 England needs ye, and ye ought
 To form a goodly number.

Nightly phantoms steal away,
 Watch the beams of dawning day,
 Shadows lessen one by one,
 Streamlets glisten in the sun,
 With one voice approving :
 Whisp'ring in the balmy gale,
 Men of thought, why shorten sail ?
 " Push along, keep moving !"

Yours it is to lead the van !
 Yours to feed the flame !
 Forward ! 'tis the cause of Man,
 Where's a nobler aim ?
 Ignorance shall hide her head !
 Mingle with the silent dead !
 See the wings of knowledge rise
 Full of rapture to the skies !
 While conscience sits approving.
 Join at once, both small and great,
 Men of thought, why hesitate ?
 Oh ! *" Push along, keep moving !"*

Some rail against, with tongue and pen,
 Monopoly in corn,
 And yet would cramp the minds of men
 Because they're humble born.
 Education, like the air,
 Asks for freedom ev'rywhere.
 Soon may all, both high and low,
 Rich and poor, its blessings know,
 For Nature smiles approving.
 Throw all selfish pride away,
 Men of thought bring on the day,
 Oh ! *" Push along, keep moving !"*

Thousands cheer th' approaching car,
 Hail the coming hour;
 "Human Progress" sounds from far,
 Full of mighty pow'r!
 Up and doing! day has shone!
 Urge it on! oh, urge it on!
 Temperance is full in view,
 War shall soon diminish too,
 As year by year improving.
 Each man who for his brother feels,
 Lends *both* his hands to turn the wheels,
 Then, "*Push along, keep moving!*"

TO MARY.

Mary, I hope that you and I
 Will live to try
 A stand-up fight with Time together,
 'Gainst wind and weather.
 We must not, Mary, hope to steer
 Our vessel clear
 Of all the rocks and shoals of life,
 As man and wife.
 Snug in our humble little cot,
 We'll love the spot,
 Better than all the pomp outside,
 With honest pride.
 We'll envy none of high degree
 We chance to see;
Though means are small, the wants are few
 For me and you.

We'll launch our vessel on the stream
 Though rough it seem,
 And jointly tug the boat along
 With joyful song.
 And if the God we serve should bless
 With happiness,
 We'll thank him for the mercy sent,
 And be content.
 Beside our bright hearth's cheerful blaze
 Old scenes we'll raise,
 And sing the merry tune oft sung
 When both were young.
 Call back again the happy chime
 Of Christmas time;
 And drop a tear for those we love
 Long gone above.
 Together face Life's toils and troubles,
 With all its bubbles,
 And do a trifle when we can
 For brother man.
 Old Time will have the start, we know,
 And onward go,
 And when he'll touch us in his way
 Is hard to say:
 But One above, who made us all,
 Will see us fall,
 And even Death can never kill
 Without His will.
 Then Mary, throw away your fears
 For coming years;
 We'll be content, and leave our sands
 In better hands,
 And after having done our best,
 Together rest.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

Oh ! never bear malice, 'twill poison the breast,
The storm is all over, then *there* let it rest.
The hot word of rage has been truly unkind,
But the sting of deep sorrow may linger behind.
'Twere better to yield than for ever be foes,
One look of compassion strikes harder than blows ;
'Tis human to injure—to wound—or to threat,
But oh ! 'tis divine to *Forgive and Forget*.

Would monarchs this best of all lessons but learn,
And not after conquest and tyranny burn ;
Would it whispered its truth in the ear of the lord,
And statesmen were rather less fond of the sword.
What trifles they fancy can tarnish a flag,
What blood has been wasted to bring down a rag :
'Tis human to slay—as we've ever done yet—
But, oh ! 'tis divine to *Forgive and Forget*.

Go read what the sword and the musket have wrought
The tales they have told, and the truths they have tau,
The battle-field thunders more eloquent things
Than glory—so called by our heroes and kings.
The myriads of old have not perished in vain,
Men will not bow down to ambition again —
The deeds of the past they begin to regret,
And feel 'tis divine to *Forgive and Forget*.

The man who has buried his hand in the gore
Of those who were peaceful and happy before,
Deserves not a coronet, wealth, or high name,
But ought to be loaded for ever with shame.
What millions have suffered—what millions have die
That he might wear laurels, and strut in his pride.
He cares not for blood, nor his murders regret,
But laughs when you bid him Forgive and Forgy

Why harbour one thought of revenge in the heart ?
'Twere nobler to *give up* than angry to part.
Words spoken in kindness may call forth a tear,
And a shake of the hand is worth more than a sneer.
What friendship the whirlwind of passion hath torn !
What flow'rs of affection are withered by scorn !
'Tis human that faults should our pathway beset,
But, oh ! 'tis divine to *Forgive and Forget*.

Then, *Forgive and Forget*—'tis a rule of such worth
That 'twould scatter rich blessings all over the earth ;
Turn deserts to gardens of beauty and peace,
And bid half the storms of contention to cease.
As we act to ourselves we should act to another,
And look on each man that we meet as a brother,
In hope that when nature lays claim to her debt,
Our God will in mercy *Forgive and Forget*.

WHAT ART THOU MAN ?

".... the pestilence that walketh in darkness ;.... the destruction
that wasteth at noonday."—PSALM lxi. 6.

What art thou man ? when peace around thee smiles
Thy step is firm and thou canst walk with pride ;
Passion, with daring front, thy soul beguiles,
And grasps the helm that God himself would guide.
What art thou man ? the thousands that have died
Had eyes as bright and hearts as warm as thine ;
And some perchance *like thee*, have vainly tried
To laugh at sin, and mock at all divine,
In scenes of madd'ning mirth, and cups of damning

Why dost thou tremble *now*? does guilt appear
 More dark and horrible? or does thine eye
 Recoil from death, so terrible and drear
 To one who is not yet prepared to die?
 Ah! thou hast listened to the feeble sigh?
 Hast followed friendship to the silent tomb;
 Trod on the dust 'neath which the dearest tie
 Of earth lies buried; and amidst the gloom
 Thy trembling spirit shrinks—*thou read'st thy dreadful doom!*

Oh! watch the form, and mark the struggling breath,
 The feeble pulse of one long loved—long known;
 Linger beside the leaden hue of death,
 And in the fate of thousands learn *thine own*.
 Go! find thy secret chamber—there alone
 Pour forth the words of penitence to One
 Whose gracious ear has not yet “heavy” grown.
 But listens still for each repentant son,
 And yearns to bless—to welcome all—and “cast out” none.

When swords of vengeance strike the guilty land,
 And sweep unthinking hundreds from the ground,
 Uplifted eyes discern the hov'ring hand,
 And prostrate nations own that God hath frown'd.
 His sacred courts with panting hearts abound,
 Eager to bare their guilt—His aid implore;
 Thousands crowd in to hear the Gospel sound,
 And on their knees *His* love and power adore,
 Whose gracious name they mocked, defied, blasphem'd bef

What art thou man? to trifle thus with God,
 When countless mercies meet thee day by day;
How can'st thou wonder if the chast'ning rod
Descend upon thee? sweep them all away!

hine to love, to worship, and obey,
 t to degrade the soul thou hast within ;
 when this mortal framework shall decay
 ' immortal spirit, washed from earthly sin,
 rise to brighter realms, and endless joys begin.

r of Heaven ! in whose all-wise control
 e mighty destinies of nations rest,
 en every vain and guilty soul,
 passion conquered, or by sin oppress'd.
 et thy chast'ning hand, O Lord, arrest
 riads who yet in mercy thou wilt spare ;
 all to know how richly those are blessed
 io daily ask and have Thy fost'ring care,
 feel and own thy presence always—everywhere.

THE SONG OF THE POSTMAN.

n on hearing that the new Post Office regulations were to result
 in a Sabbath delivery of letters, the same as other days.

The clock struck ten—with wearied limb,
 And blistered foot he sat,
 A deep-drawn sigh escaped from him
 As he put down his rain-worn hat.
 Time on his brow had left the trace
 Of poverty, care, and woe,
 And he faintly sang, with mournful face,
 What thousands of poor men know.

“ Walk, walk, walk,
 Morning, and noon, and night ;
 Walk, walk, walk,
 Call ye the labour light ?
*We ask one day in seven,
 'Twas ours since time began ;
 Sent by the love of heaven
 In pity to toil-worn man.*

Think of the wearied hands
 That slave from early to late—
 Oh! shame on these Christian lands
 To add to the poor man's weight.

Work, work, work,
 Sorters, and clerks, and all;
 Work, work, work,
 Bend to the rich man's call.
 Wives you may have and love,
 Smile that your joys are few—
 The sun may be bright above,
 But it was not made for you.
 Babes you may have to feed,
 And gladly you find them bread,
 But think yourselves blessed indeed
 If you see them asleep in bed.

Work, work, work,
 Work—or nothing to do—
 Work, work, work,
 Week-day and Sunday too.
 'Toil as hard as ye can,'
 Say they that hold the rod,
 'Thrive on the laws of man,
 Or starve on the laws of God.'
 Sipping their wine at feasts,
 They heed not our bitter call,
 As if postmen were only beasts,
 And never had souls at all.

Work, work, work,
 You were only made for such;
 Work, work, work,
 One day in seven's too much.

Nobles must all be fed,
 Merchants must pile their store ;
 If you but gain your bread
 Why should you wish for more ?
 Think not—if think you must—
 Sabbaths for *you* were sent,
 Go home with your hard earned crust,
 And learn to be more content."

The clock struck ten—with wearied limb,
 And blistered foot he sat,
 A deep-drawn sigh escaped from him
 As he put down his rain-worn hat.
 Time on his brow had left the trace
 Of poverty, care, and woe,
 And he faintly sang, with mournful face,
 (Would it could teach the rising race)
 What thousands of poor men know.

I AM A SOLDIER.

"I am not a soldier of this world, but a soldier of God."—*Maximilian.*

I am a soldier, but not one
 To plunge the sword or point the gun.
 The captain whose great name I bear,
 Forbids His rank and file to wear
 The weapons of a guilty strife,
 Of blood for blood, and life for life.

I am a soldier, but I get
 No gaudy scarf, or epaulette :
 The honour that my warfare yields
 Is gained on other battle fields ;
 And richer far and nobler too
 Than all the stars of Waterloo.

The ...

At ...

And ...

Or ...

But oh! ...

And ...

Am I forgotten ...

Or ...

Away the ...

I will not ...

I know the joys ...

Are linked with ...

REFLEC

There in boyhood I've rambled, when Nature was gay,
And the morning beams danced on the bosom of day ;
When the mind was as free and the heart was as light
As the fairy-breeze touch'd by the pinions of night ;
And *there*, when the sun has gone down in the west,
Have I gazed on the tombs where my forefathers rest—
The statesman and soldier—the peer and the bard,
Have moulder'd away in that Old Churchyard.

Every inch of the ground can some trifle recall,
But there's *one* little spot that is sweeter than all ;
'Tis the grave of a sister—Oh ! Death laid her there,
As he envied the beauties a mortal could wear.
And sometimes I've thought, when the sun has sunk low,
As homeward the ploughboys all merrily go,
That her chamber is lonely, her pillow is hard—
Yet softly she sleeps in that Old Churchyard.

Oh ! Time and its pleasures, how quickly they pass,
Like the dew on the leaf, or the breath on the glass ;
With joy in its spring, and with life in its morn,
The blossom fell off, and the beauty was gone.
But why should we weep ?—not a ripple of care,
From the ocean of Sorrow can get to her there ;
The troubles of earth, come they ever so hard,
Can disturb not her rest in that Old Churchyard.

Oh Nature has beauties wherever we go,
From the rude mountain top to the vallies below :
But none with more exquisite pleasure we view,
Than the sacred old spot that our infancy knew,
Oh ! childhood is sweet, and 'tis joyous as men
To rake up old pleasures and sip them again ;
Though vanish'd they be, all I fondly regard,
And I love such a place as that Old Churchyard.

PEACE.

"Peace! it is reason—it is of God!"—*Lamartine.*

Brothers, is it not a madness,
 To imbrue your hands in gore?
 Filling human hearts with sadness
 That were light and gay before?
 What are guns and polished sabres,
 To the ploughshare and the pen?
 What of him who only labours,
 To destroy his fellow men?

Tell me not of martial glory
 Gathered from a field of death,
 Or of heroes famed in story,
 Borne upon a dying breath,
 Pillaged towns and smoking cities,
 Ought not to be scenes of joy:
 How the God of Heaven pities,
 Those who live but to destroy!

Scarlet coats, and banners waving,
 Thrill the heart, and please the eye,
 But, who heeds the orphan's raving,
 Or the widow's piercing cry?
 Hear the voice of reason, louder
 Than the dreadful cannon roar—
 "Use your musket, sword, and powder
 Less, if you would thrive the more."

"What in blood is so inviting?
 And your battles, won or lost?
 What's been gained by all your fighting?
 Think how many lives it cost.

Arbitration—arbitration,
Is by far the wiser plan;
Worthy of a Christian nation,
Bound to love both God and man."

SLAVERY.

They talk a great deal about *African* slaves,
 And tell us that *all* men were born to be free,
 But surely they need not go over the waves,
 It seems there are plenty in England to *me*.
 Our shores may not have any slave-trading ships,
 Our hands with no fetters of iron be bound;
 But though we are none of us driven by whips,
 Yet whips of another kind *here* may be found.

Go, watch the rich vot'ry of pleasure awhile,
 With all the gay trappings of folly and pride,
 His name bears a crest, and his features a smile,
 But is there no thorn that his bosom can hide?
 No lustre of wealth, no escutcheon of rank,
 Can cover the tyrant, the sot, or the knave:
The god may not weary, *the chain* may not clank,
 But (who can deny it?) *that* man is a slave.

And turn to a group—they are plying the thread
 Till drowsy and faint they would weep for the pow'r;
 Their fingers are stiff; their eyes swollen and red,
 As they toil with the needle from hour to hour.
 What next? the frail plant has been nipped in the bud;
 Youth, Beauty, and Virtue, *all* swept to the grave—
 Oh! show us you feel for your sisters by blood,
 'Ere ye strike off the chains of an African slave!

Remember all ye who in luxury roll,
 The ermine and fustian both cover *the man*;
 Then look to the chains that would fetter the soul,
 And labour to make them as light as ye can.
 He'll bare his strong arm, and go forth with a smile
 To meet all your foes on the land or the wave;
 He's true to the flag of his dear native isle,
 The Queen of the Earth! and the Friend of the Slave

Our grave ones talk wisely, our senators big,
 And tell us of plenty that *ought* to be done;
 But what of a Radical, Tory, or Whig,
 Although he can keep *the whole* House up till *On*
 May our purse and our station, our tongue and our
 All *prove* that we are not a parcel of knaves:
 Show the Poor that ye know how to treat them as men
 Or tell them no more about *African* slaves.

MY BIRTHDAY.

My Birthday!—ev'ry minute tells
 Me, Time is passing by,
 And bids me look to One who dwells
 Beyond the starry sky,
 A frowning Past would seem to say
 "What moments have been thrown away!
 What worthless altars could entice
 The rich and costly sacrifice!"
 Could I but tread the path again,
 And fill its precious hours once more,
 Should I not view with grief the chain,
 And count the links with sorrow o'er?
 Ah! *much* Time's tablet now reveals,
 That only this poor heart conceals;
 And bids no mortal eye to share
 The truth with him who traced it there:
 Thus all returns, as day by day,
 Old Time would steal each hour away,
 My span of life to fill;
The grave has closed within a year
On many that were held too dear,
 And *I* am breathing still.

Great God, as birthdays come and go,
 And mark each fleeting stage below,
 Be *Thou* my hope, be *Thou* my aid,
 (The only strength which cannot fade.)
 Time takes—but nothing will restore,
 And Death is waiting at the door!
 The throbs of life will soon have pass'd—
 Oh! take me to Thyself at last.

STANZAS.

To a Friend.

Oh! say not life is nothing more
 Than sorrow and despair.
 Recall the pulse that beat before
 You felt the touch of Care.

And once again let Fancy wreath
 A garland round your brow;
 Her fairy form will sweetly breathe
 Upon your spirit *now*.

The golden links of Childhood's chain
 Were surely made to last,
 And joy will yet appear again,
 The syren of the past.

Then smile along the gloomy way,
 The beams that now depart
 Will break into a future day,
 And light upon the heart.

On all things mortal change attends,
 And sorrows must arise,
 But, see how God in mercy sends
 An angel from the skies.

Hope, like the music of the spheres,
When mystic echoes fall,
Descends upon our smiles and tears
To elevate them all.

THERE'S MUCH IN THIS LIFE AFTER AL

There's much in this life after all
That's pleasant, if people would take it ;
On *some* of us trouble must fall,
But sure I am *most* of us make it.
Let us look for the ups and the downs,
And try to take things as we find them ;
And if we are met by the frowns,
Believe that a smile is behind them.

What have we, we did not receive ?
Is the world not sufficiently roomy ?
Then, why should we wish to believe
We were sent into life to be gloomy ?
We may meet with some rubs in our day,
But don't let us tremble for fear of them,
Rather hope they'll not come in our way,
And do all we can to keep clear of them.

There are regions of quicksands and rocks,
And it's difficult too to steer round them,
A good plumb-line *might* save us some knocks
But it's no easy matter to sound them.
For our needle may point the wrong way,
And our chart do no more than mislead us
Till we find that "each dog has his day,"
And a friend's all alive to succeed us.

But there's much in this life after all,
 That's pleasant if people would take it,
 Though on *some* of us trouble must fall,
 Full sure I am *most* of us make it.
 Let us look for the ups and the downs,
 And try to take things as we find them ;
 And if we are met by the frowns,
 Believe that a smile is behind them.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER !

When you see a pampered fool
 Scorning those more humble,
 Try and keep your temper cool,
 Soon he'll have a tumble.
 Let him swagger while he may,
 'Twill not last for ever ;
 "Every dog must have his day"—
Better late than never !

When you see a woman's pride
 Seeking admiration,
 With a coxcomb at her side,
 Lord of the creation,
 Think that beauty soon will fail,
 'Spite her best endeavour ;
 Leave old Time to tell the tale—
Better late than never !

When we see an aged man
 Pompous, harsh, and greedy,
 Doing all that mortal can
 To oppress the needy :
 Let us pity and lament,
 Death the tie will sever ;
 And the man may yet repent—
Better late than never !

When you see that priestly gowns
 Cover wolfish teachers,
 Pride, ambition, sneers, and frowns,
 Tarnish Gospel preachers :
 Say—"their Master was not so,
 Meek and humble ever,
 Wait—and may they wiser grow—
Better late than never !"

When you see the drunkard's glass
 O'er his senses stealing,
 Watch the wretched slave, alas,
 To his hovel reeling :
 Will you trample on the man ?
 Give him up for ever ?
 No!—reclaim him if you can,—
Better late than never !

When you see a foe distressed,
 Pain and sorrow try him,
 Find the way to help him best,
 Do not hurry by him.
 Pardon—then forget the past,
 Bury it for ever ;
 Things have all come round at last—
Better late than never !

As the world shall older grow,
 Truth will shine the brighter,
 On the wheels of Time will go,
 Making all the lighter.
 Statesmen cannot stem the tide,
 Politicians clever,
 But must yield to those outside—
Better late than never !

THE GOOD OLD COUNTRY SQUIRE.

I would not wear the Monarch's crown,
 Or court the titled great ;
 I ask not for a Bishop's gown ;
 I want no robe of state.
 The high-plumed sons of noble birth
 May strut in rich attire ;
 Give *me* that gem of honest worth
 The good old Country Squire.

How many grateful hearts record
 His table's goodly fare ?
 Enough for those who grace his board,
 And plenty too to spare.
 To see the starving wand'rer fed,
 Seems all his heart's desire,
 And who will find the wretch a bed ?
 The good old Country Squire.

And when Old Winter has returned,
 He welcomes "great and small ;"
 No famished one is ever spurned,
 Or driven from "The Hall."
 He finds a crust ; he bids them press
 The log upon the fire,
 And hundreds leave his door to bless
 The good old Country Squire.

His name no pompous title bears,
 But when the old man dies,
 The widow's and the orphan's pray'rs,
 Shall mingle with the skies.
 Then let the sons of noble birth
 Strut forth in rich attire ;
 Give *me* that gem of honest worth,
 The good old Country Squire.

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

O God ! let the blackness of night hide the sorrow
 Which wrings a poor heart that will shortly be still ;
 Close these eyelids in death ere the sun of to-morrow
 Breaks forth in his beauty—for mock me he will !
 For *this* have I sacrificed home and its treasures,
 For *this* the sweet spot that my infancy knew ;
 Come Death ! I have done with the earth and its pleasures,
 I ask for no friend on its surface but you !

He is gone, he is gone—with chains they have bound him,
 Torn—dragged from his hearth, without pity for me ;
 With none but the foulest of mortals around him,
 Scorned ! ridiculed ! manacled ! *can it be he ?*
 O wretch ! by whose mouth the harsh sentence was spoken,
 May full weight of care on thy bosom be laid ;
 But no—the right laws of his country were broken,
 And Justice demands that the forfeit be paid.

My children ! no more shall thy father behold thee,
 No longer imprint on thy cheeks a fond kiss ;
 Thy mother is all that is left to infold thee,
 And those who deceived him have brought him to this.
 And dare I now curse them ? with God retribution
 Deserved by the guilty, in mercy depends—
 Oh ! Father of Heaven ! forbid destitution,
 Enough that the stain to his children descends.

And what has he left thee ? a cloud of dishonour,
 To hang o'er the future, and darken the view ;
 For soon shall thy mother, with cold earth upon her,
Sleep sweetly while sorrow is pressing on you.
Ere long will thy innocent spirits awaken,
To blush at the sight of thy father's lost name ;
O God ! in thy mercy protect the forsaken,
And pardon the guilty who brought them to shew

MUSIC.

When the heart droops in sorrow,
 Shading with fear the morrow,
 Where can it go to borrow
 Solace for all its pain ?
 Music can warm each feeling,
 Through the deep anguish stealing,
 Joy, ev'ry chord revealing,
 Light on the heart again.

Death has our friendships taken,
 Left us forlorn—forsaken,
 Music can thoughts awaken,
 Such as in brighter days
 Shone like a sparkling treasure
 Pure from the mine of pleasure,
 Filling our cup to measure
 With joys but hope could raise.

Strains, all our senses greeting,
 Echoes we love repeating,
 Why were they all so fleeting ?
 Oh ! bid them still remain.
 Mem'ry ! the past defying,
 Catch ev'ry note now flying,
 Take up the harp replying,
 And strike those chords again !

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Were we down-hearted
 When we last parted,
 Tears may have started
 We gladly allow ;
 But words that were spoken
 Like summer clouds broken,
 Are gone, and no token
 Is left of them now.

with joy, ever growing
Love is now glowing
With fervour again.

Eyes have been tearful,
Hearts have been fearful
Now they are cheerful,
So happy and gay ;
Let us not borrow
One feeling of sorrow,
But hope for a morrow
As bright as to-day.

MONODY.

On the death of a favourite (
(Composed for a *bereaved* Fr

I write about all sorts of thing

Each morning brought a pretty *note*,
Delivered by his little throat,
 Without a *stamp* or *penny* ;
 And, would that such could fill the Post,
 A note like this does good to *most*
 And cannot injure *any*.

How often when my burning brow
 Was throbbing (as its throbbing *now*)
 His gentle voice I've heard ;
 Till smiles, in spite of all my pain,
 Would light upon my face again
 Another *Doctor Bird* ! *

'Twere vain indeed to go and search
 For Dickey *now* upon his perch,
 To see his swelling throat ;
 Gone from the place he used to fill,
 No more he'll show his "*little bill*"
 Or *change another note*.

No longer will he put his beak
 Through Lilly's curls, on Ellen's cheek,
 Or, in my dress's fold ;
 Hop here and there, without restraint,
 Take sulphur for a skin complaint,
 Or saffron for a cold.

I weep, and who will dare to say
 That weakness I can thus betray,
 If so, I would reply,
 " My tears can only feebly tell
 " The grief *my heart* can feel so well—
 " It is not, *all my eye*."

* Dr. Golding Bird.

Would that his *little* throat could pour
 A *little* stream of notes once more
 Around his *little* bed ;
 Would he could have a *little* reign
 Upon his *little* perch again,
 And bob his *little* head.

He had a *little* cage and trough,
 And when he died—a *little* cough,
 A *little* grave he owns ;
 He left behind a *little* name,
 And who will soil his *little* fame ?
 Or touch his *little* bones.

Then, who can *now* presume to laugh,
 Because I write his epitaph ?
 Or think it 'neath my lyre ?
 Beneath this earth you'll find no doubt,
 The crust of one whose "pipe is out,"
 Called "*Richard Bird, Esq.*"

THE OLD YEAR.

Hush ! vain mortal, softly tread,
 Hark ! another year has fled.
 All it was and had is cast
 On the heap of ages past.
 Think, oh ! think, forget it never,
 Moments gone, are gone for ever !
 Fraught with pleasure or with pain,
 None can call them back again.
 Kingdoms perish, thrones decay,
 Men and customs pass away.
 Years—eventful years—roll on,
 All will very soon be gone.











